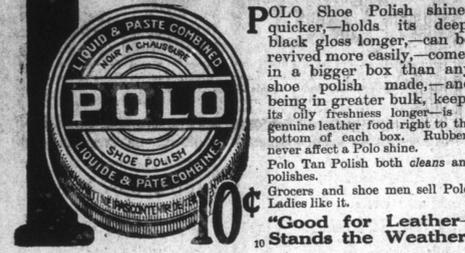


# POLO

## SHOE POLISH



### THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XXXVII.  
WHILE LOVE LASTS.

“That is impossible, Sir Harold!” she had said, and he had started as much at her firm tone as the unfamiliar ‘Sir.’ Then he had inclined his head, repeated his good-bye, and had gone. An hour after, notwithstanding the duchess’ entreaties, Lillian Woodleigh had gone, on foot and alone, to the cottage, and had fallen—for the first time in tears—into the dame’s arms, lovingly outstretched to receive her.

“You see, dame,” she sobbed smiling, “I have not been away long! I have come back to you!” “Come back!” cried the dame, wiping her eyes. “Bless your loving heart, dear; but for you mustn’t stay here! You, with all that money, and—and Sir Talbot’s daughter, too! You mustn’t stay here, Miss Lillian!”

Then Sir Talbot’s daughter looked like her father, fiercely firm. “Dame, if you will have me, I mean to stay here with you, and I don’t think you will turn me out. You will let me stay. Oh, dame, I—I am so wretched!”

Then they both had a good cry, and the dame who, as has been remarked before, was not stupid, though aged, began to get a glimpse of the case.

“And my boy gone!” she whimpered, “and when’s he coming back?” Then Ethel that was, flushed and looked proud through her tears, and was silent.

Although they could not prevail on her to emerge from her hermitage, as Gerald called it, the visits from and to the Grange were frequent. The duchess would come over and take her cup of tea—which she enjoyed more than the most elaborate dinner—and chat with the gentle girl, and in time learned to love her. Gerald would come over and sit in the armchair, and get her to play and sing to him, and the two would talk, and always the talk would drift into the one all-absorbing topic; for the beautiful gifted creature who had

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“No, poor old fellow,” he said, pityingly. She looked up with a swift glance of alarm. “Why—why do you speak so?” she asked, in a low voice. Gerald, still looking at her, shook his head. “It is a long time since we heard anything of him,” he said, gloomily, “and sometimes I am afraid that something may have happened to him; Harold is such a rash, reckless fellow where his own safety is concerned, and I can’t think that he would have let the estate go like this unless—” He stopped abruptly, for she had risen and had turned from him as if to hide her face. He went up to her and turned her gently to the light. Her face was pale, and the tears were streaming from her eyes. “Ethel, Ethel!” he said, almost reproachfully. “It is as I guessed?—have you let him go without a word?” “What—what do you mean?” she faltered, trying to brave it out. He took her hand and stroked it soothingly. “Ethel, dear, I have been thinking lately, looking back and putting this and that together. That time was so wild and full of excitement that it was like a child’s puzzle; but I have pieced it together and I know now that it was you—and not Lillian—whom Harold loved. Was he not here continually until—until Sir Talbot fretted for the marriage? He had promised Sir Talbot to marry Lillian, and, poor fellow, he felt bound to do so, and that is why he looked and talked so strangely the night before. I can see him in the room at the Grange, and his wild face and hear his random words! And then, when Lillian went, he would not speak because he feared you thought he was marrying her for her money, and so he went—Heaven knows where; poor old Harold! Oh, Ethel, why did you let him go?” Then, stung beyond endurance, she turned to him with outstretched hands. “Why did I let him go? Who was to stop him! I, the poor, penniless girl to whom he had whispered a few soft nothings! Was I, when I had grown rich, to go up to him with outstretched arms and buy him? Oh, Gerald!” “Forgive me, Ethel,” he said, his eyes moist. “You must not think me hard, but I love you both, as I loved poor Lillian, and I would do so much to see you happy. Ah, and I will, too,” he murmured, inaudibly. “There,” he said, soothingly, “I will not say another word. And well, good-bye, Ethel.”

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### Feels Better than he has for Years.

DR. BOVEL'S HERB TABLETS AS A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

A Toronto clergyman writes as follows: 4 Rose Av., Toronto. Gentlemen:—I have been taking Dr. Bovel's Herb Tablets for about two months for dyspepsia, an oppressive feeling round the region of the heart, also dizzy spells which entirely disappeared. I now feel better than I have for years and can honestly recommend them to anyone needing a medicine to tone up the system and purify the blood. Wishing you every success, I remain Yours truly, REV. D. CONVERY.

The really serious cases of indigestion and dyspepsia almost always have their location in the bowels and can only be reached by making the liver and kidneys active. No medicine regulates the liver, kidneys and bowels so nicely and so promptly as Dr. Bovel's Herb Tablets.

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St. John's, Nfld., or Montreal, Can.

her grace. “He’s like a child, my dear, like a child.” “For all her grace’s tears and the duke’s remonstrances Gerald started, however; and now and then came a letter from him, always cheerful and reassuring. He was better, he said, than he had been for some time, and found travelling suited him so well, that he was off again to such-and-such a place.

All this occurred during the winter months, and now the spring had nearly gone; and Ethel was sitting at the open door, her work in her hand, but her eyes fixed dreamily on the distant hills. The twilight was falling, the laborers passing down the lane touched their hats to Sir Talbot’s daughter, who had lived among them like a sister of mercy, tending their sick and succoring their poor. In the distance the rooks cawed round the cold chimneys of the old Hall; inside the dame was getting the tea.

With her eyes fixed on the elms that hid the Hall from her sight, Ethel was thinking over the strange events which happened under its roof. A gentle melancholy sat upon the sweet face, and softened her dark, dreamy eyes.

Twice the dame came out and told her “tea was ready,” but still she sat dreaming on.

It was a step coming down the lane that roused her, and she rose to go in, when a voice that seemed to spring from dreamland called her by name.

She turned, and saw standing by the gate a tall, stalwart man, with a bronzed face, from which the blue eyes looked out, with a half-doubting, half-joy entreaty.

“Ethel!” It was Harold’s face, Harold’s voice! She put her hand against the door to steady herself, her heart seemed to leap within her, and all the strength to desert her.

“Ethel, may I come in?” He did not wait, but opened the gate and stood beside her. The dust of travel was on his clothes, he looked tired and restless, and his lips quivered in anxious suspense.

“Not a word!” he said. “Ethel, I have come three thousand miles to see you; will you not speak to me?” Then she turned to hold out her hand, but fell into his outstretched arms. And Gerald, who had waited out of sight to see whether he had found and brought back the wanderer in vain, turned and limped away.

It is evening. Over Lucerne is stealing the rosy twilight which precedes the deep but luminous blue which the happy dwellers by the lake call night. It is twilight, but still light enough to see two figures that stand side by side, heart to heart, on the brink of the roesate water.

Upon the heights a convent bell calls the good sisters to vespers; in the valley the bells of the cattle tinkle as they wind their way to the farms; from a boat drifting on the wide, expansive water, the sound of the fisherman’s horn as he returns laden with the silver spoil. All is peace, soothing and profound.

In silence these two watch the snow-capped hills turn from crimson to violet, from violet back to white again. In silence still, the man upturning the lovely face to his, bends not his eyes to not once, nor twice. “Come, Hilda, darling!” he says, looking round at the light which suddenly shone from the house, half chalet, half villa, behind them, “are you not tired of dreaming?” She looks up and touches his lips with hers.

“Can one grow tired of happiness, Dawson?” she whispers. “I sometimes think it must be a dream. One ought not to be so happy as I am, who de-

serves happiness so little! They say happiness does not last—is that so? If so, how much longer have you and I to be happy?” “While love lasts, darling!” he answers, with a smile that is almost solemn, “and mine will last till death.” “No longer!” she retorts, with the old smile of tender witchery. “How poor a love to mine, that goes beyond, Dawson, goes beyond!”

THE END.

### Woman's Transition.

Lord Aberdeen Attributes It to Growth in Public Life.

Lord Aberdeen, speaking in England, referred to what he called “the added and increasing demands upon women by the great transition going on regarding the sphere and work of women.” He added:

“I once heard of the father of a large family—all daughters—whose means were rather circumscribed, as is often the case with military men. Some friend suggested that the daughters might do something. ‘They do a great deal,’ said the father; ‘look at all those beautiful embroideries.’ It was pointed out to him that doing something meant in the way of earning a living, whereupon he at once indignantly replied: ‘My daughters are the daughters of a gentleman.’ (Laughter.) That state of mind has received several rude shocks lately. Times have changed, and our daughters and their position have changed with them. There is the more reason that we should spend thoughtful care in fitting them for the wider outlook which is opening before them.”

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A reliable regulator; never fails. While these pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system, they are strictly safe to use. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at \$3.00 and \$5.00 a box. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.—th&s

### Some Russell Stories.

There are some good stories in George W. E. Russell's new book “Sketches and Snapshots.” Here are three of them:

“Queen Victoria wished to give Prince Albert the title of ‘King’ by Act of Parliament. To this Melbourne said:—‘For God's sake, ma'am, I have no more of it. If you once get the English people into a habit of making kings, you may get them into the habit of unmaking them.’

Speaker Denison, one night, when storm clouds were gathering on the House, “stepped from the Chair to the Chief Clerk, Sir Denis Le Marchant who sat immediately below him, and murmured in his ear, ‘Sir Denis, I don't at all like the look of things this evening. What would you recommend me to do?’ ‘I should recommend you, sir, to be uncommonly careful,’ said Sir Denis, and went on to his dinner.”

Archbishop Temple, presiding over a conference of 194 bishops, said:—“Now, Winchester, we should get on better if you didn't talk so much.” “I thought, your Grace, I might save time by rising to say—” “You'd save much more if you said it sitting down.”

The Maoris of New Zealand, whilst holding their annual gatherings, do not believe in going hungry, as a glance through the following list of food consumed during a recent gathering will show. There were nine bullocks, twenty sheep, seventeen bags of shellfish, eight tons of potatoes, thirteen 56-pound bags of sugar, 200 pounds of cake, 1,100 2-pound loaves, 220 gallons of milk, 4 cwt. of flour, eight 50-pound boxes of butter, six large tins of fancy biscuits, four cases of jam, two tons of oats, one ton of pumpkins, besides condiments and sundries. Fourteen tons of firewood were used for cooking. The number of Maoris present was 1,300.

### Kidney Suffering

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Mr. S. J. Argue, Kars, Carleton, Co. Ont., writes:—“I have suffered a great deal with kidney troubles and pains in the small of the back and have tried a good many remedies without obtaining very much benefit. I wish to say, however, that I can heartily recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a splendid medicine as they have proven of very great value to me.”

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